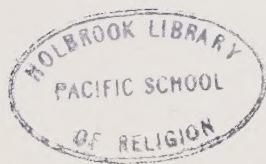
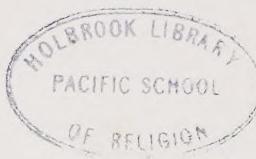
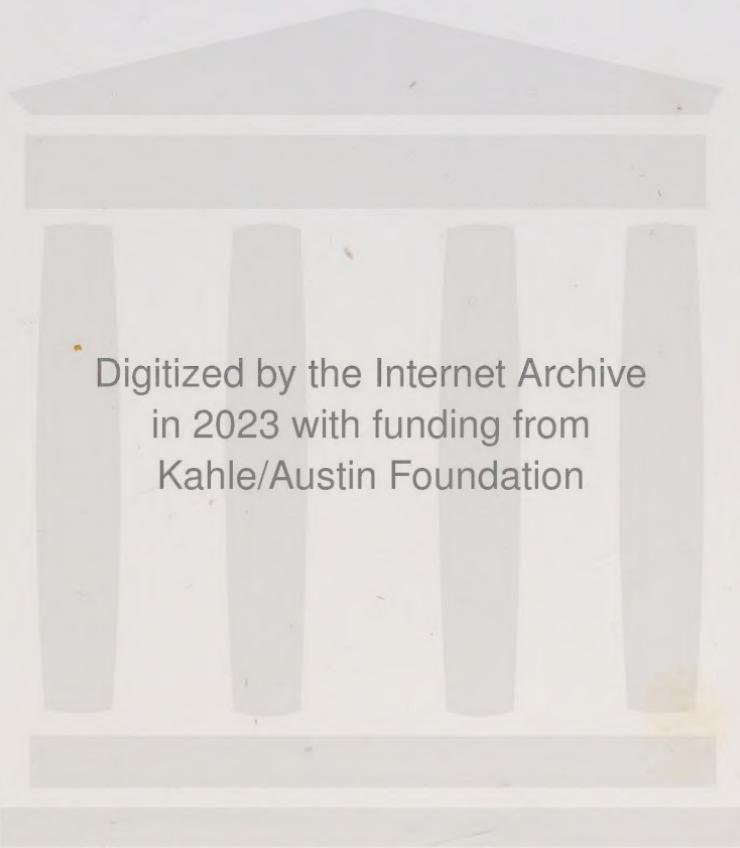


Gertrude L. Hobart Eman



JAMES RICHARD CARTER





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James Richard Carter

JAMES RICHARD CARTER

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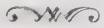
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JAMES RICHARD CARTER
A BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCH



JAMES RICHARD CARTER

*'A BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCH'*



JAMES RICHARD CARTER was born in Boston the fourth of January, 1849. On both sides he came of sturdy New England stock. His father, Richard Bridge Carter, was a descendant of the Reverend Thomas Carter, a settler at Woburn in 1630; his mother, Lucy Lazell Hobart Carter, traced her descent back to Edmund Hobart, who came to Charlestown from England in 1633. James was the youngest of their four sons. His father, one of the firm who in the 'thirties owned the Old Corner Bookstore, died when James was but three years of age.

Mr. Carter's childhood and early youth, spent chiefly in Boston and its vicinity, were typical

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of a lively, wholesome New England boy. A Franklin medal awarded at the English High School, and report cards showing high standing, carefully treasured by his mother, are evidence of early ability and earnestness. But Mr. Carter himself was much more apt to recall the skating and boating on Jamaica Pond; an occasional playing of "hooky" when spring weather was irresistible; the successful stratagem of leaving pumps at home on the hated dancing-school days; or the disconcerting method of an elderly schoolmaster who rebuked failure by holding up two bony fingers with the demand: "Which horn of the dilemma is it—ignorance or stupidity?" He used to tell, also, of a dramatic incident that at the age of six gave him his first impressions of geometry. In his own words: "As I was playing in front of our house one day, I noticed a pair of spirited horses which a caller had left standing at our door. I saw, too, that they were pawing the grassy bank near the hitching post. I had often heard my mother deplore this practice and like a dutiful son at

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once took measures to stop it. As an efficient means I used a bean pole, with which from the top of the bank I whacked them over their heads. I believe at this day I could still trace with almost perfect accuracy the parabolic or perhaps diabolic curve those horses described as they wheeled around, cleared the picket fence, and headed for the street. The after condition of the fence, the condition of the carriage, and the condition of my feelings can be imagined! My second lesson in geometry soon followed. It was to calculate the curve of a given radius of rattan, of which the impression was not an ocular one for the reason that—well, it was one of those things which went on, so to say, behind my back.” In the earlier part of their boyhood, James and his brothers were sent in turn for long visits to “Grandpa Hobart’s” at Abington. Grandfather Hobart, an upright, severe old gentleman of decided opinions, was held in such awe by the children of the town that they never dared even whistle when passing his house. He was well qualified

to supplement the home discipline of his grandsons, and the finishing touches, like those of the geometry lesson, were sometimes put on by hand.

When James was fourteen the family, for a year, went to a Minnesota farm, where he enjoyed hunting and outdoor life. Letters written at this period to his older brother John, then serving in the Army of the Potomac, tell of successful gunning trips for prairie chickens, pigeons, coons, and deer. He speaks of a picnic expedition by buggy and carryall to White Bear Lake, where "we rowed over to the island and had a gay old spread," and mentions with true man-of-the-world air a claret punch made by one of the guests "which went pretty well." For a birthday gift he promises John ten dollars, "to be paid on demand the next time I see you. I know it is not a large sum, but the purse of your brother James is not uncomfortably crowded." He is keenly interested in the great national struggle then going on and writes: "I hope you will not get hurt this summer,



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but will give the Reb particular fits. You said something about procuring me some relics of the battle. As to the bullets and anything you can pick up, I shall be very happy to receive them. If you can get it, I should like something that will go off, viz., a pistol, rifle, carbine, musket, horse pistol, seven-shooter, revolver, six-shooter, or even a small cannon. You see I have 'got nearly as much cheek as you have. I will pay the express on all you send, unless it should be the cannon. Nothing is going on here of any importance."

During this year James continued his studies under a tutor. On his return to Boston he hoped to enter Harvard, for which he had been preparing, but his health gave out and the plan of travel in Europe was substituted. It was a keen disappointment to him to give up the idea of college; and he never could speak quite patiently of "that old granny doctor" who urged it. However, from the standpoint of education as well as of health the second program proved a success. The eighteen months which he spent

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abroad came at a most interesting period of continental history. He was fortunate in seeing or hearing many of the notables of the time, and the experience resulted in a lifelong interest in international affairs. He was also an enthusiastic visitor to picture galleries, museums, cathedrals, and places of historic importance; and on subsequent trips, knowing from the old days just where to locate the choicest treasures, he would, even when but a few hours could be spent in a city, "skim the cream." The impressions of this first visit to the Old World were very vivid; years later, on the same sites, his family were all attention for frequent comparisons prefaced by the magic words: "Thirty years ago, when I was over here as a youngster—"

When he returned to Boston, the boy was ready and eager to buckle down to work. He first took a position with Carter Brothers & Company, paper merchants, but soon decided to launch out for himself. He persuaded Frederick Rice, a nephew of Governor Rice, to ven-

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ture with him; and in January, 1871, the now well-known firm of Carter, Rice & Company had its humble beginning. Mr. Carter was not quite twenty-two, and his partner was only twenty. Their capital, as he later used to say, consisted of "youth, courage, and cash, but mighty little of the latter." The next two or three years brought some anxious times. The great Boston fire luckily spared their small store in Spring Lane — the only paper house which was not burned out — but the succeeding winter, 1873, brought a nation-wide financial panic. In this year, however, Mr. Carter married Carrie Giles, a daughter of the Reverend Chauncey Giles of Philadelphia. It was the beginning of a long and happy companionship. With added home responsibilities, the state of the ledger assumed greater importance, and sometimes far into the night the youthful proprietor would ponder over his chances of supporting a family on a salary should his little business go to the wall. In his own account of these early days he has told of various instances of "good fortune"

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which helped them on, though an outside estimate might stress more the intelligence and hard work which at length put affairs on a firm foundation. Before long the little tumble-down Spring Lane establishment became inadequate, and larger quarters were sought on Federal Street. These, too, were outgrown, and another move was made to Devonshire Street, the present home of Carter, Rice & Company. In 1883 the firm was incorporated. Mr. Carter, as half owner, became treasurer and manager, which positions he retained up to the time of his death. Mr. Edward Palmer and Mr. George Lowe took over the interest of Mr. Rice. Other concerns were bought out and branch offices were established in several of the leading cities, so that, ultimately, Carter, Rice & Company became one of the outstanding paper houses in the country. This accomplished, Mr. Carter turned his attention to manufacturing as well, and built up various successful organizations, notably the Nashua Gummed & Coated Paper Company and the National Bread Wrapping



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Machine Company, of both of which he was president. He was also president of the Carter, Rice & Carpenter Paper Company of Denver, and of the Carso Paper Company of Dansville, New York. From the time of his brother John's death in 1895, he served as treasurer of The Carter's Ink Company, and for two years he was president of the Boston Paper Trade Association.

In January, 1921, which marked the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of his business, the Carter, Rice force and the business associates of the larger circle doubly celebrated the occasion, the former with a reception at the Devonshire Street office, the latter with a complimentary dinner at the Algonquin Club. This joint observance was one of the happiest events of Mr. Carter's life, and he always treasured the remembrance of the friendship and good will then expressed. In his response at the time, he paid tribute to his own helpers and to business men in general, saying: "We have been fortunate in loyal, able assistants and rank and file, who

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have helped to win for us whatever success we may have achieved. . . . The paper business is a clean, pleasant occupation, bringing one in contact with bright, active, and intelligent men, with whom it is a pleasure to deal. . . . I thoroughly believe the average business man means well and intends to act squarely. With fifty years' experience behind me, I can say that in dealing with men with the thought that they are honest, what I have suffered from dishonesty is a bagatelle."

Some additional quotations from remarks made on other occasions will further reveal Mr. Carter's attitude toward his business associates. Of the value of conference within a business organization, he says: "No man knows it all. If he mistakenly thinks he does, he is a candidate for long ears. In varied lines of duty each looks from a different standpoint and, if a man of intelligence, has something unique to give. The practice of comparing notes will weaken no individual and will strengthen the whole machine." In discussing the relation of manu-

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facturer and merchant, he points out that the business functions of the two are distinct but complementary, that for either to usurp the other's field injures both. As spokesman for the merchants, he states: "Our case is your case, and the manufacturers cannot adopt an unwise policy toward the merchants without its reacting upon themselves. As well expect harmony and health in the human body if the heart and lungs act without reference to each other. . . . A community prospers most not necessarily when it can buy at the lowest price without regard to cost, but when a fair profit to all gives to all a purchasing power which increases demand and sales and speeds the wheels of industry."

Outside his own business Mr. Carter was prominent in many organizations; though he never sought or desired political office he firmly believed it the duty of every citizen to give something of his time, thought, and means for the public good. The period from 1896 to 1909 was one of great activity in this respect. Dur-

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ing this time he served on Mayor Quincy's Municipal Committee for two years, for three years as president of the Boston Merchants' Association, and for two years as president of the Associated Board of Trade. He thus defines the proper function and character of such commercial bodies: "A business organization must be founded on something more than the desire of its members to promote their own selfish interests, or their narrow views will dwarf its use and make it worthless for the public good. Such organizations should be centers of intelligent consideration of business affairs, and of political affairs as they relate to business. They should make it impossible, for instance, to risk injury to our vast foreign commerce by using consuls-hips as a mere circulating medium for paying political debts. They should make it impossible for favored industries to receive more than a fair protection, or for benefited interests to check the great principle of reciprocity which sooner or later will prevail, with mutual advantage to the nations of the earth. They should stand for

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purity in municipal, state, and national legislation. They should be centers around which the thought of the public can crystallize into action, but intelligent and not prejudiced action. . . .

We want in our business life those who can build up, not these who can only condemn and tear down. . . . It is too common a thought that religion has no connection with business. We of New England, who are proud of the old Puritan influence which sowed such good seed of sterling character and integrity, should not be disbelievers. Religion is not singing hymns; it is doing our duty (positively doing it and not simply thinking about it) according to our best light."

With such standards as these, Mr. Carter threw himself whole-heartedly into many a campaign for needed improvements or reforms, into many an effort to bring "common sense and common honesty" to public affairs. In this work, with characteristic thoroughness, he gave attention to details as well as to general policies, and carefully studied out the facts of each case;

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for "all practical action," he used to say, "has to be based on existing conditions, not on theoretical ones." Again: "The mainspring of all action must be the truth, unbiased by political, partisan, or personal prejudice, and it is well to remember that there are few disputed questions where all the truth is on one side." A partial list of the matters which thus claimed his attention would include prison reform, the extension of the probation system, the restriction of undue influence of corporations on legislators, the improvement of the consular service, the safeguarding of civil service, scientific forestry, the building of the Panama Canal, commercial reciprocity with Canada, the location and construction of new public buildings, bridges and highways, the improvement of railroad and telephone systems. In addition to the time thus given, he labored diligently through a period of years for two other very important measures. The first of these was the passage of an equitable subway bill authorizing the construction of a second subway under Washington Street,

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the one now known as the tunnel. A bill had been presented which would permit the Boston Elevated Railway Company to build a subway and operate it without compensation of any kind to the city for a term of about thirty-seven years. Unless at the end of that time the city desired to buy it at cost, the franchise would become perpetual. In effect, a privilege worth at least five million dollars was to be given away, and virtual control of Boston's transportation system, without proper safeguards, was to be granted to a private corporation. Vigorous, persistent opposition, in which Mr. Carter was one of the most active leaders, defeated this proposition and brought about the passage of the so-called Board of Trade subway bill. The latter provided that the city build its own subway and lease it at a fixed rate to the Elevated Company. The rental receipts would in time entirely pay for its construction and leave the city the owner of an unencumbered property which had cost it nothing and one of permanent value as a source of income.

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The second measure referred to was the greatly needed improvement to Boston Harbor. A federal appropriation was desired for a new channel, broad and deep enough to accommodate the larger steamships fast superseding those of moderate draught. Without it, New England's commerce was seriously threatened. In this campaign, crowned with success after many setbacks, Mr. Carter was again an indefatigable worker. He investigated shipping needs and port conditions, served on many committees, went to Washington to present Boston's case to the National River and Harbor Commission, and gave valuable aid in rousing local interest and action. The following quotations from a speech made to the Boston Merchants' Association in 1900 will give some idea of the enthusiasm and high purpose which he brought to this public service: "The matter that lies nearest at hand, and our first duty, is the improvement of our harbor. Nature has done so much for us that we shall indeed be slothful and negligent if we do not reap the advantages of our heritage.

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We have the shortest pathway from the great grain fields of the West to the millions who look to us for food in foreign lands. We have the opportunity for magnificent docks. The Commonwealth has already built the first of a series, suitable for docking the largest steamers afloat. But the finest of docks are of little use unless we have wide and deep channels to bring the great steamers of to-day safely to them. . . . This, then, is the point to which all our energies should tend: to urge upon the Government, and all who have influence with the Government, day in and day out, to grant us a sufficient appropriation for a channel via Broad Sound, two thousand feet in width and thirty-five feet in depth. Under ordinary business conditions, if our facilities were not curtailed, we might expect to retain the commerce we already possess, even if we did not increase it. But such is not the case that confronts us. The change of ocean carriage from the smaller steamers of the past to the leviathans of to-day—and we have not yet reached the limit—means

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that if we do not increase our facilities even the commerce we now possess will in part slip away from us. . . . In this busy, pushing age any vantage ground is maintained only by continued activity. Let us see to it that by no fault of our own do we slip backward in the race. Words, mere words, avail nothing. We must be prepared to give of our time and our abilities. An intelligent presentation of our case, and continued and persistent effort on the part of all, should bring, and will bring, from Congress an appropriation for the prosecution of this great work, so important to Boston, so important to New England, so important to the whole country. . . . I appeal to a higher sense than that we should merely excel our neighbors. I appeal to your sense of duty that you do your part in building up our city, to give employment and homes to thousands and tens of thousands who are to be added to it; to make its influence felt for good throughout the civilized world, with which we are becoming more closely bound every succeeding year. Wander-



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ing through the beautiful Congressional Library at Washington a few weeks ago, I was struck by an inscription on one of the spandrels under the great dome: ‘As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness.’ And, gentlemen, we may substitute any other virtue: so public spirit begets public spirit. May the merchants of Boston become so imbued with unselfish public spirit that in coming time to be known as a Bostonian will be to be known as one who works for the public good.”

In the after years, as well as during his prime of health and vigor, Mr. Carter continued to exemplify his own ideal of citizenship. Throughout the period of the World War, he gladly gave his support to countless patriotic and relief measures, and up to the very end of his life his interest in public affairs never ceased. Even in his last illness, with death hourly expected, he directed that on the day of President Harding’s funeral, flags should be displayed at half-mast from both his summer and his winter home. An editorial in the *Boston Transcript*, written

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after Mr. Carter's death, characterized him as "a citizen of the best type and of the first rank," adding: "He will long be remembered for his work and interest in connection with the development of the port of Boston. He was of that type of merchant and manufacturer of whom it may be truly said that the more they gained in wealth the more their fellow citizens gained in welfare." Mr. Carter's devotion to business and civic duties was equaled by his devotion to his church. He was of the Swedenborgian faith, and no layman of his denomination was more useful or better known. In both the local and national organizations he was always ready to give his best aid.

Though a tremendous worker in these many fields, Mr. Carter just as thoroughly enjoyed his times of vacation. He used to remark that a man was more good to his business ten months in the year than twelve. Sociable by nature, he loved pleasant intercourse with friends and neighbors and delighted in welcoming them to his house, particularly to the summer home at

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Jefferson Highlands, New Hampshire, where, indeed, when one house proved inadequate for carrying out his hospitable intentions, he equipped and maintained a second for this purpose.

Outdoor exercise had its strong appeal. In the earlier years he tramped with his children over the mountain ranges; and up to the last summer of his life played with zest on his tennis court. He loved the views from high places. When he could no longer climb, it was a familiar sight to see him crossing the lawn in the late afternoon to enjoy the sunset from his tower. In traveling, it was his custom to seek first the commanding positions, that he might get the lay of the country; just as in business he would master a general situation prior to dealing with it in its particulars. On their first trip to Europe his family can recall being led hopefully, even in heavy mist and rain, to vantage points which promised much should it perchance clear; while to follow his guidance up into cathedral domes or spires became a matter

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of course. In the heat of Italy their enthusiasm waned slightly, and the fall of the Campanile at Venice just before their arrival was secretly viewed as providential. But Mr. Carter's purpose was not so easily to be defeated. One quick look revealed on the opposite island of San Giorgio a campanile of satisfying height, and soon an obedient family stowed in gondolas was headed for its ascent. His travels in the East and in South America gave opportunity to enjoy some of the world's finest scenery. His experience of watching the sunrise glow deepen on Mount Everest and the nearer great Kinchinjinga, as seen from Tiger Hill, Darjeeling, was a never to be forgotten one. When perfect weather conditions likewise attended his trip over the Cumbre, the trans-Andean pass from the Argentine into Chile, and he climbed higher and higher on that great continental backbone, up among the giant crags and snow peaks, with the whole world seemingly spread below, his delight was unbounded and he declared that he wanted to shout like a boy.

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In his journeys to many lands, the customs of the people, their history and economic conditions, were also matters of great interest to him. Though his visits could never be protracted, careful planning, thoroughness and keenness of observation enabled him to absorb a great deal in a short time. In his genial way he would enter into friendly converse with cabmen, porters, hotel proprietors, and shopkeepers, as well as with fellow travelers, and would often learn much by this means. He used to tell, however, of the failure of one such attempt when, wandering along the seashore near San Francisco, he inquired of a stolid-looking German angler as to what kinds of fish he caught. Without deigning a glance, or even shifting his pipe, the old fellow made reply, "Vot bites." Mr. Carter liked to pick up souvenirs of foreign travel, but remarked after settling with the customs officials that it was n't nearly so much fun buying them a second time from the government. Bargaining, in the countries where it is the usual procedure, of course

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had its fascination. We recall a ceremonious negotiation for some *cloisonné* vases in Japan, through the medium of an interpreter. At Mr. Carter's offer of a much lower price than the original one, the interpreter urged: "I can't tell him that amount. He is not an ordinary shopkeeper, he is an artist. He would laugh at me!" "Go ahead," said Mr. Carter, observing the inscrutable face of the vender, "I should like to hear a good hearty Japanese laugh." He succeeded in making his bargain.

Camping in the woods and hunting, for which he had formed a taste in the Minnesota days, continued to be favorite recreations, as the various trophies in home and office attested. His children, when small, loved to hear him recount his adventures. That this was not without reason, the following letter indicates:

MILNOCKETT CAMP, MAINE,

Dear Children:

October 24th, 1897.

As you might sometime be in a starving condition and a thousand-pound moose would sustain life for several days, I think it useful for you to

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know how to shoot one. In the first place, you must find your moose. Take everything that you need, and four times as much more which you think you need, and pack carefully in camp bags. Then procure a guide, a bark horn, and a wilderness, and mix in equal proportions. If there are no moose in the wilderness or they refuse to be beguiled by the horn, you have the fun of blowing it just the same. Well, after you get fairly started in the said wilderness and find a place which ought to be a good residence for a moose, you take your horn and begin with ear-piercing sounds to suggest, then to beg, and finally to implore that moose to come out and be shot. There are always three chances out of four that you will not be successful. There may be no moose there; he may not be fool enough to come out, and if he is you may not hit him. But sometimes one does step out on the street for a walk or a drink and meets a hunter and loses his life. The one we have been trying to eat up for the last week was sloshing around on the edge of the lake as if he owned it when Mr. L., passing in his canoe, saw him and shot him. I have not had as good fortune. I have floundered over "tote

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roads," I have pawed my way through brush, I have ascended the heights of mountains and plunged into valleys below, I have seen the sun rise morning after morning over the placid lake as I sat in my canoe half frozen, I have seen the same orb descend below the horizon as I still sat and froze the other half. All the while the guide was extracting the sad wail from the horn. N.B. The guide has used up all the wail in one horn and has begun on the second. Still no moose, not a sight of one, have I had. But a sound—yes. Last Friday at dusk one answered the call and came crashing through the woods down to the lake; but instead of coming into the water as they usually do, where I should have had a good shot, he raced up and down among the trees, making as much noise as a steam engine off the track, and then ran away without my having a glimpse of him. For a few moments I had visions of a handsome pair of antlers over the fireplace at Jefferson, but as the sounds grew fainter and fainter concluded that we should have to be satisfied with a stuffed hedgehog instead. As I review my experiences of the past week I feel, everything considered, that it may be cheaper, if you do find yourselves in a starving

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condition, to buy quail on toast or good nourishing cake, rather than to start out for a moose. Now good-night and a kiss all around, and let me hear perfectly be-au-ti-ful reports of you when I get home.

Your affectionate

FATHER.

One of Mr. Carter's most endearing traits was his fondness for children, an affection which they heartily returned. "Jim and I have been having such fun," exclaimed a small grand-nephew, who had just been making his uncle's acquaintance. To his own family of seven, four of whom are now living, he was a comrade as well as a kind, wise, devoted father. In later days a large circle of promising grandchildren gave constant interest and delight to him. In his dealings with children there was firmness when needed, but obedience was required not so much to himself as an individual as to the principle which he was the means of presenting. Consideration for a child's feelings and ingenuity in method were also characteristic of

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him. Once, on the occasion of an afternoon party, a little guest was so charmed that he stayed on and on, with no evident intention of departure. When he happened to mention that it was his birthday, Mr. Carter expressed interested surprise, and then surreptitiously did up a half dollar in many wrappings. He handed the package to the little fellow, saying that it was a present, which he was on no account to open till he reached home. The situation was instantly relieved. Looking back over the years, many simple pleasures in which he had a leading part come to mind,—the drives in the family carryall with the old jogging black horse, the special holiday treats of boating on the Charles, picnic trips to historic Lexington or Concord with much quoting of patriotic poems by the younger members of the party, the frequent Sunday walks and stories, the exciting adventure of all being carried upstairs on his back at the same time, a feat in which he literally supported a family of six. He loved to give us delightful surprises, as when, for ex-

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ample, he casually handed down a much-coveted bicycle from the back seat of the carriage on his evening arrival; or more recently urged one, quite out of a clear sky, to come to the door to inspect one's new automobile. Back in boarding-school days, what pleasant anticipations the following letter provoked, coming as it did when every chance to return home was welcomed, and when, incidentally, one had been longing to see Mansfield in a famous rôle.

Dear E——:

I wish to know if you can obey cheerfully and uncomplainingly when your parents ask you to do something for them, even if it should happen to conflict with any of your own plans. Your mother cannot keep an engagement that I had made for her on Tuesday evening; we were intending to meet a Mr. Cyrano de Bergerac, and as I do not care to keep the appointment alone, I must ask you to come to Boston Tuesday afternoon so as to reach my office before six. If your journey gives you an appetite, I am told there is a lunch counter at the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets where the

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reasonable demands of nature can be satisfied. As the appointment will not terminate until 10.30 or thereabouts, it will be too late to walk back to Andover, so I shall ask you to escort me home, and you can return to school the next morning. Better send me a line at once, assuring me of your obedience and telling when you will reach my office.

With love,

Your affectionate

FATHER.

Mr. Carter's kindness to children was only a part of his kindness and good will to all. For years his Sundays, after the church service, and his holidays, when at home, were devoted to a round of calls on the sick or lonely or aged, or those in trouble of any sort. He attended to the entire business affairs of many of these, performing endless practical services, little and big, and he gladly gave the counsel so frequently sought, whimsically distinguishing, too, as to whether advice or approval were desired. It was really remarkable that a man who directed such large interests could take time for all the small

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kindnesses as well. A characteristic incident is that of an elderly aunt who eagerly inquired during an illness of his as to when he would be round again; there was a very important matter about which she wished to consult him. This vital need, when it came to light, was for a new backgammon board, and no one but "Jim" could be trusted to select it for her.

Mr. Carter's relations with his employees, both in his business and in his home, were of the most cordial nature. His fair treatment and real appreciation of faithful work brought out their best efforts, while his human sympathy won their affection. Aside from their regular duties, they loved to perform little personal services which helped to make it possible for him to carry his heavy load of responsibility. A faithful old nurse employed by the family over forty-five years ago, on hearing the news of his death, wrote of him and Mrs. Carter as the best friends she had had on earth; and only last winter a new cook, who thought of departure, after waiting on the table one Sunday

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evening and seeing the head of the family, felt that she would like to work for "that dear good man," and proved her impulse by her later devotion.

Up to his seventy-second year, Mr. Carter's remarkable health and vitality seemed unimpaired. Then a slight slowing up became necessary, though he carried on practically all the old responsibilities. But in January of 1923 he met with a severe blow in the death of his wife after only a fortnight's illness. They had been devoted partners for almost fifty years, wonderfully united in their interests and more dependent than even they themselves realized on each other's support and counsel. With her going, the heart went out of life for him. He accepted his loss with faith and fortitude, and said that he believed the experience had been sent to teach him the greater value of the spiritual realities and the comparative unimportance of one's material gain or success here. His own sorrow made him even more mindful than previously of the many who carry a burden,

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and he would often speak with deep sympathy of friends or acquaintances who were meeting a like situation.

From January his health failed steadily, though he still sought to "carry on," exerting himself far beyond his strength. His reason for going to a public dinner on a hot June evening — the last which he ever attended — was characteristic. He came home from business exhausted, but could not be persuaded to give up the journey back to town because he feared that on so warm a night late in the season few would be present, and a small audience would disappoint the speaker. The next day, when accounts of heat prostrations were read from the morning paper to deter him from going to his office, he remarked: "What, only three dead out of all the millions in Massachusetts? You can't scare me off with any such percentage as that!" And go to town he did.

Early in July, Mr. Carter went to his mountain home as usual; but there, in spite of the rest and change, his strength daily ebbed. In

August his condition became serious, and on the evening of September 13 the earthly stage of his busy, useful life was ended. His last business act, when he could only with the greatest difficulty trace a signature, was to release a substantial number of employees in one of his mills from an obligation which changed business conditions had made onerous to them. When he knew that death was near, he looked forward to it gladly, not as the end of all things, but as a beautiful new beginning. With Stevenson he could have said:

*“Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.”*

He was especially happy in the thought of reunion with his dear wife. “You know I have an appointment to keep with your mother,” he said to his children, referring to the Golden Wedding anniversary then only a few weeks distant. He sent messages to many friends, and talked of others in trouble whom he hoped he would be able to help “from the other side.”

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Even in extreme weakness he acknowledged with the old-time courtesy each least service, and was mindful lest those caring for him should become fatigued.

Thus in the last days the man whom we had so long loved and honored took on a new sweetness and nobility, and by this final revelation of character made it possible for us, too, to look forward in confident hope,—to see, almost, his entrance into that “ampler day, divinelier lit,” and to believe once for all in the lasting, living influence of such a personality, an influence which reaches out even at this moment to the old associates, the relatives, the friends, bringing them its blessing, comfort, and strength.

TRIBUTES
FROM BUSINESS FRIENDS AND
ASSOCIATIONS





TRIBUTES

FROM BUSINESS FRIENDS
AND ASSOCIATIONS



WE have lost our CHIEF.

We, Directors of Carter, Rice & Company, Corporation, wish to express and inscribe on the records of our Corporation our profound sorrow for the death of the Treasurer and founder of this company—

MR. JAMES RICHARD CARTER

While our association was in a larger measure that of business, we recognized in him all the sterling qualities of well-rounded manhood. His family life, his services to the Church, and his civic interests are so well known that they need no encomium.

We are privileged and qualified to speak of his business life; a period of more than fifty

J A M E S R I C H A R D C A R T E R

years, which some of us have shared for the greater part.

Of his generalship, his acumen, his ability, his success is evidence — this and his other enterprises, monuments.

We testify to the qualities of kindness, thoughtfulness, generosity, courtesy, and that great sense of justness which commanded the respect and loyalty of us all, made us better by example, and gave us individually a pride in our Chief and our association with him.

GEORGE HALE LOWE
JOHN C. KENNEDY
CHARLES A. YOUNG
FRANK W. POWER

OUR leader gone, our ranks are sadly broken.

*We miss his presence, and his kindly word
Of greeting to us each, sincerely spoken,
And sorrow in our hearts is deeply stirred.*

*His was a busy life, but, from the toil he found
Success, fame, riches coming in full measure!
But more than these his Soul craved, and he crowned
It all with love of God,—his heart's rich treasure.*

—BENJAMIN PALMER
(of Carter, Rice & Co.)

RESOLUTION

OUR leader is gone. We cannot adequately express our loss and our grief, but we wish the records of the Company to bear testimony to the respect and love in which we held him.

James Richard Carter was our President and founder — the chief support of the Company which he built — the sage of our councils, and the very dear friend of us all.

He was wise and kind, and clear of vision. Above all, he was just. No man adhered more strictly to righteous principles of conduct in business and in personal affairs. No one was more exacting in his demands upon himself. Yet, he was ever gentle and considerate with us who worked with him.

Steadily, he led the Company forward, yet planned the advance soundly and with caution. We felt and were benefited by the impress of his leadership upon our personal lives.

We shall miss him greatly, in many ways, but his memory will always be held in our

J A M E S R I C H A R D C A R T E R

hearts, and his life and character will always be governing influences on our conduct.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
NASHUA GUMMED & COATED PAPER CO.

BY EDGAR A. CLARK,
VASCO E. NUNEZ.

DEAN of the Paper Merchants of New England, and a man of the highest type, Mr. Carter was recognized as a national leader in the paper industry. From the early days of this Association his counsel was wise, his integrity unquestioned, his coöperation most helpful, and his efforts and resources were given freely to advance and improve conditions in the paper business.

For more than fifty years he was an honored and successful man in the business and civic life of New England.

NEW ENGLAND PAPER MERCHANTS'
ASSOCIATION.

T R I B U T E S

MR. CARTER was a high type of the New England merchant: active and alert mentally and physically; no problem too difficult to solve; no undertaking so hard but that it might be accomplished if right in principle; honest and upright in business dealings; just in judgment, but with leniency if deserved. He never sought public position, but he always, quietly and unobtrusively, aided and assisted by his presence, work, and means, many of our best civic improvements. He was charitable without ostentation, and a stanch help in promoting every proposition which made for the improvement of the paper industry.

The passing of Mr. Carter is not only a loss to the paper industry, but a personal loss to those who knew him best, and his memory will abide for many years to come.

BOSTON PAPER TRADE ASSOCIATION.

HIS untold kindnesses to others have touched the hearts of an innumerable company. His

JAMES RICHARD CARTER

Christian conduct of large business interests has been a model to a world which needs just such exemplars. His marvelous devotion to the work of the Church in all its activities has set an example to those who would have it accomplish in the world what we fondly esteem to be its purpose. Through his application to business he was able to be of great assistance in providing for the financial support of church activities. But the financial support, though liberal and ample, was by no means all. He gave himself. He attended meetings. He gave counsel. He gave time. He gave thought. He did not arrogate to himself leadership, but became a leader because he was ready to serve.

NEW CHURCH CLUB OF MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. CARTER was a great man. He has been the pioneer of large things in the wholesale paper business.

ISAAC W. CARPENTER,
Carpenter Paper Company.
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T R I B U T E S

His position in the paper trade was unique. You may well be proud of his fine reputation for judgment and character.

WINTHROP M. CRANE, JR.,
Crane & Company.

His long and useful life left its mark in many directions on his generation, and his influence extended to the younger generation who came in contact with him.

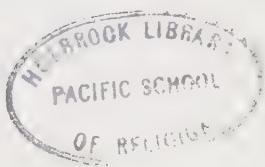
I shall always have a grateful memory of his splendid intellect, sterling character, and kindly, helpful disposition.

JOHN LESLIE,
The John Leslie Paper Co.

His presence and counsel were most helpful. In my estimation he was one of the ablest executives in the United States, as well as one of the most untiring workers.

ROBERT W. BROOKS,
Brooks Paper Company.

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JAMES RICHARD CARTER

I HAVE always had great admiration for Mr. Carter. He was one of the best of our citizens.

JOHN W. WEEKS,
Secretary of War.

OUR association with him was an inspiration to higher and better things, and our industry has lost a factor that cannot be replaced.

GEORGE OLMS TED,
S. D. Warren Company.

NO one in the Paper Trade was more widely known or better respected by all than Mr. Carter, and those who were favored by his more intimate acquaintance loved him and felt a benediction in his presence. Personally, I prized his friendship highly, and counted it a privilege to be with him, always receiving strength and courage from the contact.

ORLANDO A. MILLER,
The Central Ohio Paper Company.

T R I B U T E S

WE have often relied on his business sagacity and good judgment in our estimate of conditions in the business world.

W. J. RAYBOLD,
B. D. Rising Paper Company.

A MAN of energy, ability, and character. He has always been one of the outstanding figures in the paper business of the United States.

JOSEPH T. ALLING,
The Alling & Cory Company.

ONE whose wise counsel, patriotism, and unfailing courtesy is worthy of emulation by all.

H. G. KELLY, District Manager,
The Mercantile Agency,
R. G. Dunn & Company.

JAMES RICHARD CARTER

It cannot be said that he has laid down his burden, as life to Mr. Carter was never a burden; it was always an adventure.

CUTLER BONESTELL,
Bonestell & Company.

THE influence of his high ideals was felt by and benefited those who came in contact with him.

SIDNEY L. WILLSON,
American Writing Paper Co.

Not only his exceptional keenness and wisdom in business affairs, but his personal kindness, humor, and devotion will be sadly missed by his associates in this Company.

RICHARD B. CARTER,
The Carter's Ink Company.

HE never lost a friend, when once friendship was formed. What a fine world this would be if all men had the same spirit that controlled Mr. Carter!

A. W. ESLEECK,
Esleeck Mfg. Company.

T R I B U T E S

I FEEL the loss of a true friend, who after a long and busy life has left an honored name and memory.

EDWARD P. BAGG,

Parsons Paper Company.

*FROM EDITORIAL IN
THE NEW CHURCH MESSENGER*

OCTOBER 3, 1923



EDITORIAL IN THE NEW CHURCH MESSENGER

MR. CARTER deserves to be long remembered in a character in which he was, in our experience, almost unique. All of us ministers who were brought in close contact with him will think of him as the model layman. A church made up of men and women with his qualities and spirit would know scarcely any limit to its possibilities.

Most ministers know the type of prosperous person who feels that, even in religious matters, he who pays the piper should be privileged to call the tune. Not so with Mr. Carter! In twelve years of intimate association with him we cannot recall an instance in which he showed

JAMES RICHARD CARTER

even the disposition to dictate in a matter of church policy—and this though he was, and had been for perhaps a generation, one of the main financial supports, not only of his own society, but of the church at large.

In no way did he show himself more perfectly the model layman than in his position upon theological matters. Himself an expert of the highest rank in his own lines of work, he had the expert's deference for special training in fields other than his own. Hence, what he heard from the pulpit was received affirmatively, and if, as inevitably happened now and then, he could not fall in with it, he said so in private and without contention. Last, but not least, there was no man in the church more steadily insistent on the need of carrying on the church's business with the same efficiency and sound sense as that of a secular organization. Mr. Carter's work as Treasurer of the Convention will stand as a model, and a monument for years to come. He was the "watchdog of the treasury," to whose unceasing vigilance we owe

FROM THE NEW CHURCH MESSENGER

it that the Convention's principal has not been spent on ill-considered enthusiasms; yet when real need arose, his name stood first on the subscription list.

All in all, he was one whom to know was to love. And in spite of our sense of loss we must try to rejoice that his last wish was granted, and that he may now keep his Golden Wedding (which in this world would have come this month) in the eternal world with the dear partner of his joys and sorrows and the help-meet of his life of faithful service.

TRIBUTES
FROM FAMILY FRIENDS AND
RELATIVES





TRIBUTES
FROM FAMILY FRIENDS AND
RELATIVES



WE shall always remember him best by his never-ending kindness and desire to help others.

Uncle Jim has been a second father to me all these years.

Generous, hospitable, sincere, always busy and always thinking of others, his was a happy, well-rounded life.

He has been such a true friend to my people. After my father's death he came to Springfield just to see my mother and me, and we had such a helpful and comforting talk with him, largely about the deeper things of life here and beyond.

J A M E S R I C H A R D C A R T E R

I have known Jim for about sixty years, and he has always been my kind adviser in times of stress and trouble.

He seemed the one in the whole family to whom we could all go with our perplexities.

He was always a very remarkable man and I feel blessed in being one of his kin.

His more than cousinly assistance and loving care for my own father and mother in their last days is a revered memory to me.

He never thought of any return for what he was always doing for so many.

He was both good and wise, with the lovable-ness which even the good and the wise sometimes lack.

*FROM ADDRESS OF
THE REVEREND JOHN GODDARD*

AT THE SERVICE AT THE
CHURCH OF THE NEW JERUSALEM
SEPTEMBER, 16, 1923



FROM ADDRESS OF
THE REVEREND JOHN GODDARD



THE THREE TESTS OF CHARACTER

“He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?”

HERE are the three tests of a true human character. A near association with our friend in his youth, and a more profound and intimate acquaintance for the past twenty-two years, have suggested the appropriateness of these words as a guide to our thought to-day.

In his long and successful career, I believe it would be the unanimous testimony of those

J A M E S R I C H A R D C A R T E R

who have known him that he fulfilled the divine requirement to "do justly." He believed that true religion is bound up with practical life, and that obedience to the divine law of justice is its corner stone. Let God's law of right rule everywhere,—in business, in the home, in public and private, in personal, national, or international affairs. This has been the faith of our brother, and I believe it has been his constant effort to fulfill it in practice.

To do justly, not in one's own strength, but from a sense of divine right, prepares the way for a true love for one's fellow men. There are many who could testify to our dear friend's acts of kindness and to the delicacy and unflinching courtesy with which those acts were done. He has lifted the burdens from many hearts. He has shown a loving care for those in his employ. He has respected the manhood, the feelings, the freedom of all, and was satisfied with the consciousness of being of service without desire for publicity or praise.

While we cannot know the heart of anyone

THREE TESTS OF CHARACTER

in this world, I believe that our friend will meet the third and deepest test of the prophet: "To walk humbly with thy God." True humility sees God as infinitely loving, forgiving, and unselfish, and makes one recognize his own lack of love in comparison. It forbids one to claim any merit of his own, or to desire honor or power for himself. The truly humble, conscious of their own evils, daily seek to overcome them. Our brother lived always in this thought. That it was his aim to make it a reality in his life, is indicated by his daily observance of family prayers and his regular attendance with us here in the church. He came also, when possible, to our after meeting for spiritual reflection and exchange of thought, always in the attitude of a learner rather than of one making prominent his own interpretations.

From childhood he has been an unquestioning believer in a real and substantial personal existence after what we call death. In this firm faith he had the constant sympathy of his part-

J A M E S R I C H A R D C A T T E R

ner of so nearly fifty years, recently removed from us, and latterly he has been happy in the thought of celebrating their Golden Wedding on the other side.

It will be hard for us to spare him, but we are clearly assured that there is no real separation from those we love who have left us. We are not, or should not be, saying farewell. The friend lives on. Only his outer and outworn garment is laid aside. We are here to celebrate his resurrection — his Easter day of new life and joy and usefulness, progress and peace. We believe that he is now entering that larger career of service, and hence of happiness, which the prophet of old and the apostle of Jesus Christ alike affirmed:

“Since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for them that love him.”

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James Richard Carter

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James Richard Carter

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